

A
TRIMESTER
IN
FRANCE AND SWISSERLAND;
OR,
A THREE MONTHS' JOURNEY
IN THE MONTHS OF JULY, AUGUST, SEPTEMBER, AND
OCTOBER, 1820,
FROM
CALAIS *to* BASLE, *through* LYONS;
AND FROM
BASLE *to* PARIS, *through* STRASBURG *and* REIMS.

BY AN OXONIAN.

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MDCCCXXI.

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A THREE MONTHS JOURNEY
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BY
J. F. DOVE, ESQ.,
OF PARIS, STRASBURG, AND
REIMS.

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J. F. DOVE, Printer, St. John's Square.

TRIMESTER,

&c. &c.

CALAIS.

CALAIS has more the look of a grand hostlery, or inn, between France and England, than of a barrier of the two kingdoms. The town has been described not so often as it has been visited by its opposite neighbours, but again and again, and quite sufficiently to make it unnecessary for me or any other traveller to notice its ville basse, or ville haute, than to say they are both on a level. Its last gate on entering from Paris is well known as having been built in Richelieu's time, to be the best piece of architecture in the town; the balloon also of Blanchard, kept in the belfry, or tower of the Hotel de Ville, and the pillar that marks the spot where he descended, every body is acquainted with, that stays long enough at Quillac's, Ducro's, or Meurice's to inquire. But perhaps this has not been always the case with the venerable remains of the Cour de Guise, at the end of the Rue de la Prison, opening into the

grande place. This gateway, or porte cochere is all that is left of the house where Henry VIII. received Francis I. Francis had come from Ardres early in the morning unattended to Calais, soi disant, an ambassador from the King of France to the King of England, and demanding immediate admission to his Majesty, was told that the King was not up, and of course must not be disturbed. The ambassador growing very importunate, Henry was informed of the circumstance, and ordered him into his presence, though in bed. The moment Henry saw Francis enter the apartment, he instantly recognized him from his picture which he had seen, and hastily snatching his robe de chambre, and throwing his chain round his neck, he jumped out of bed, and running up to the King of France embraced him tenderly, crying, "O my brother, the confidence you have reposed in me delights me beyond expression; take this chain as a mark of my friendship." They then breakfasted together, and Francis mounted his horse, and returned alone as he came. In his way back he met his courtiers, who one and all were lamenting that his Majesty should have exposed himself to the gripe of his bitterest enemy: the King then shewed the chain Henry had thrown over his shoulders, and assured them that his

bitterest enemy was his best friend. Calais was taken by Edward III. in 1347, and retaken by the Duke de Guise, under Henry II. in 1588.

In turning to the left, about a mile from Calais, in the road to Boulogne, you arrive at the distance of three leagues and a half or thereabout at a village, once a town near the sea, at the camp of Cesar, close to a small bay, and directly opposite to the coast of England. The camp, from the height of its situation and the steepness of its slopes, has escaped the plough, and all its parts are perfect above and below. The Prætorian camp, and the order of tents placed by armies when they keep the field, may be easily made out, with the grand entrance, and the gates on every side.

PARIS.

Having seen and spoken of the curiosities of the two roads from Calais to the capital, I mean Amiens and Chantilly one way, and Beauvais and its unique choir by the other ; I posted to Paris without delay, and having been introduced to the last edition of the *conducteur* of Gallignani, I had recourse to Monsieur Forget, and other learned antiquaries, for rarities yet unnoticed by common observers. In consequence,

after having paid my devoirs to the Louvre, the Luxembourg, the Legion d'honneur, and a few favourites ; such as the globes of the Bibliothèque, because they were painted by Le Brun ; the missal of Charles le Chauve, and the print by Finiguerra, I set out for the Ancienne Maison de Ninon de l'Enclos, Rue des Tournelles, No. 78. Here, as I was told, I was in the house, so I fancied myself in the presence of a lady famed for her bons mots and her philosophy, of the school of Charron and Montaigne, who, when she was in the spring of her beauty, and so ill as to threaten death, consoled her friends, who cried one and all, " Comment hélas ! si jeune, et si caduque, by saying, C'est égal, ne pleurez pas, je ne laisse que des mourans." How much more polite, than if she had said you all must die. Then my delight was greatly enhanced by recollecting that I was treading the floor of a person, not only beautiful in her youth, but highly accomplished ; because it was her maxim in her tenderest age, that the charms of nature unadorned, were at best but a hook without a bait. She, on the recovery of her health, drew within her magic circle all the grandees of the day : the Colignis, the Villars, the Grand Condé, and the Duke de la Rochefoucault, and lived almost unfaded to be

an Octogenaire; having contributed to the romances of Scarron, the verses of St. Evremont, the plays of Moliere, and the dialogues of Fontenelle. Voltaire saw her in her decrepitude, and he in his boyhood, having been born in 1694, and she having died 1705. To his eye she appeared dry as a mummy, which might be truly said of a woman of ninety.

My next visit was to the ancient hotel of Madame de Sevigné, a lady of great notoriety, the least remembrance of whom has ever been esteemed a peculiar pleasure; as I well remember George Selwyn thought himself singularly happy in possessing her inkstand. The hotel of Madame de Sevigné affords a local pleasure, as having been the residence of a lady who lost her father when the English made a descent on the island of Rhé, in the country d'Aunis, three leagues from Rochelle, where he commanded a squadron, or band of volunteer troops. She also lost her husband, who was killed in a duel by the Chevalier d'Albret. La Marquise de Sevigné née Marie de Rabutin, etc. married Henry de Sevigné in 1644, who was killed in 1651.

The tenderness she shewed to her son and daughter has rendered her ever worthy of remembrance, and made her abode an object of

curiosity, and a true local pleasure. Whosoever has read Madame de Sevigné's Letters, and who has not, would walk many a mile to see her house. To have a full enjoyment of this sort of pleasure, you must study the Count de Bussi's portrait, and Madame de la Fayette's picture of the same person. Bussi describes her en laid, and Madame de la Fayette passes over her personal defects, and dwells on her good qualities. Bussi says she was a lively coquette, that liked a flashy wit better than a grave philosopher, who fathoms the extent of a long discourse. Madame de la Fayette says she was gay, and so witty, that you soon forgot she was not handsome; that she was generous, and incapable of the meanness of hoarding her treasures with any other view than that of dispensing to the necessitous what they were in want of. But the best character of Madame de Sevigné is to be collected from her writings, which are also the best memoirs of the court of Louis XIV. Caraccioli says, that the mother and daughter sighed in their letters to each other, constantly and repeatedly too, for a union, and that when they came together they could not bear each other; which means, that their hearts agreed, but their humours jarred, they were both tender-hearted, but cross-grained.

In my search for the houses of distinguished characters, I found in the street of the Pretres de St. Paul, opposite a Fauconnier, an apartment formerly occupied by Gabrielle d'Estrées, whose cipher was in the cieling, with that of Henry Quatre. The King saw her for the first time 1591, at the Chateau de Cœuvres, in her father's house, and was so enchanted with her personal charms, and the excellence of her understanding, that he resolved to make her his first and favourite mistress: he then made her Duchess of Beaufort, and wept for her at her death; and wore mourning as for a princess of the blood-royal. She had, indeed, a great command over the King, but not sufficient to make him turn out Sully, whom she calls a vergogne, a shameless man: upon which Henry told her she now went too far, and that he wished her to know that he would rather dismiss ten mistresses like her, than one servant like him. This was quite enough to inform Madame d'Estrées how far her power could go.

My next visit was in search of the Palais d'Amour of Francis I. behind the Marché de Volailles, on the quai des Augustins. The house that occupies the site of the Palais d'Amour is in the court of a roulage, or waggon-yard, near the new-named street of Napoleon

Rue du Pont de Lodi. All that remains of the palace is sunk in a convent, which is now a private warehouse. Near this spot was the house of the Duchesse d'Etampes, the mistress of Francis. At No. 22, in the street of Hiron-delle is a large old porte-cochere, distinguished by the device of Francis I. a salamander, and in the court, where there is now an Imprimerie, against the wall fronting the entrance is the same emblem. It was a generally-received prejudice that a salamander can live in fire, and hath the power to put it out.* Hence Francis I. took for his device a salamander in flames, with an inscription in Latin, *nutrisco et extinguo*; borrowed, it is possible, from the Spanish, *mas yelo que fuego*, of an insensible lady, *soi disante*, like a salamander, all fire.

The Duchesse d'Etampes and Madame la Seneschale were mistresses of Francis, and his son Henry II.; but the Dutchess had the advantage of Diane de Poitiers la Seneschale, by being seven years younger. The mistress of Francis I. had the reputation of being the fairest of the learned ladies of her day, and the

* A salamander's legs and belly have stripes of a flame-colour: hence the notion of his living in flames, and of his power to extinguish them, from the viscous humour he exudes from certain tubercles when he is provoked.

most learned of the fair ; and her hotel is still, as chance will have it, a house of letters as a printing house.

The house-book of Philippe le Bel, it is well known, is in two places ; one half in the MSS. library at Paris, and the other at Geneva, with the unpublished sermons of the great Calvin : but we are not so well acquainted with the place of his residence at Paris.

There is a tradition that a house in the Rue Bourdonnais, with a porte-cochere opening into a court, on every side of which there are remains of very elegant Gothic architecture ; particularly on a tower over a passage into a street behind the hotel, was once part of a palace belonging to Philippe le Bel, but there are no certain marks by which we may assign it to that monarch. Philippe le Bel was born in 1268, and mounted the throne in 1285. We have reason to remember him because he cited Edward I. King of England, to appear at the parliament of Paris, and answer for the ravages he had committed on the coast of Normandy ; which summons being refused, he (Edward) was convicted of felony, and Guienne taken from him. The Rue Bourdonnais has been so called, since the year 1300. It was in this street that la Maison des Carneaux was situated, which

is now la Couronne d'or, No. 11. It extended all along la Rue Bethisy, to la Rue Tirechappe. In 1363, it was purchased by the Duke of Orleans, brother of King John; in 1398, it belonged to Guy de la Tremoille, afterward to Chancellor Dubourg, and the President de Bellievre. Its beautiful Gothic sculptures still remain. La Maison des Carneaux, or Creneaux, means a house with battlements and embrasures. Philippe de Bel had begun just before he died to build the old Louvre.

LYONS.

The most amusing of all the roads from Paris to Lyons, is by Chalons, where you embark on the Saône, and go down to Lyons by water. On leaving Paris, you go out by the faubourg St. Antoine, and turning to the right take the road to Charenton, you pass before the manufacture of glass the Marais and the barriere de Reuilly; to the right is the Val de Grace and the observatory, then Bicêtre and the village of Villejuif: I mention this to bring you to the walls and Chateau de Bercy. In traversing Bercy you pass by the great magazine of wine, which has this year been, as it is thought, maliciously and by forethought consumed by fire.

The bridge of Charenton is renowned for its battles ever since the Normans, in 865, broke it down, to the time of the Frondeurs, who made a stand on it, and drove back the army of the Prince of Condé, in 1649. It has been often rebuilt. After the ninth half-league stone you see the River d'Yeres fall into the Seine. At the twelfth boundary, the road for two leagues is through the forest of Senart, all sand in summer, and all mud in wet weather. Melun is the town which the English took in 1419, and the chief place of the Seine and Marne. We kept it ten years, and then were driven out by the inhabitants. Amyot, the translator of Plutarch was born here, and the ci-devant mistress of Eugene was arrested here, in the month of July 1820, and the plot against the Bourbons discovered. After Melun, you go through the forest of Valence, and pass the double bridge over the Seine and Yonne, and reach Montereau, where there is a considerable manufacture of porcelaine à l'Angloise: the Seine and Yonne run together here. The historians for the most part agree that it was on the bridge at Montereau the Duke of Burgundy was assassinated in 1409, by order of the Dauphin. In 1414, there was a bloody battle fought between the French and the Allies.

The city of Sens, which lies in your way, is built at the confluence of the Yonne and the Vanne; the water of the Vanne runs in canals through the place, and keeps the streets clean. The cathedral, which I have spoken of in another work, is superb. In the museum of the college the famous *Dyptique* is kept, which contains the office of fools, and is one of the most curious monuments of human folly. See Mr. Douce's *Illustration of Shakespeare's Fools*, 1807. The office proves the existence of the *bizarre fête des fous*. Auxerre has three Gothic churches, an abbey, and a cathedral; St. Pierre, in part ancient and part modern; l'Abbaye de St. Germain is of the lower empire; the third is famous for the grandeur of its *nef*, and the tomb of the translator of Plutarch, who was buried here, though born at Melun. The river carries the wines of Auxerre and lower Burgundy to the Paris market. The bed of the river is full of granite and madrepora, and 200,000 cords of wood pass by Auxerre annually.

Avalon is a fine town, and was once a fortress in the reign of King Robert, and sustained a long siege in the eleventh century, without being taken. Here begins the Morvan, a country famous for cattle, and the rough manners of its

inhabitants. When I passed on a fair day the peasants were playing aux quilles, for five francs a game, and this was nothing to what they sometimes risked when they staked a pair of bullocks. There is a small town in the neighbourhood of Avalon, by a cross-road called Vezelai, where the celebrated Theodore de Beze was born.

Saulieu, through which you pass to Chalons, furnished a name to a restaurateur, in Nassau Street, Soho, where he kept an eating house for twenty years nearly, during the revolution, much frequented by foreigners. The French and English liked his prices, and by the assistance of his waiter Bilboa, he contrived to retire with the King his master, and a handsome fortune. The house was nick-named sale lieu, from its dirt and filth, in comparison with the cleanliness of an English coffee-house.

AUTUN.

Autun is situated at the foot of two high mountains called Montjeu, Montdru, Mons Jovis, and Mons Druidum; one of its streets is called Marchamp, or Martis Campus. The gate of Arroux, under which you pass to enter the town, is an ancient monument of Augustodunum,

or hill of Augustus, in Pomponius Mela, and was the capital of one of the republics of Gaul. It consists of two arcades for carriages, to go in and out of the place, and two smaller for the pietons, or people on foot. It is crowned by a magnificent entablament, architrave, frize and cornice; above is a sort of gallery, composed of ten arcades, of which only seven remain. The pilasters which separate the arcades are of the Corinthian order, and channelled with the precision of a plaited gown. The stones look as if they were just set up, and the decorations newly finished. The gate of St. Andrew, not far off, is nearly as well preserved, but of the Ionic order. It is matter of surprise that walls of eighteen inches without cement, should have lasted so long entire. A tower, part of a temple of Minerva has been incorporated, and made one of the abbey of St. Andoche. It has been said that the Tabula Peutingeriana was copied from a pillar, used afterward for the foundation of this convent. From Autun to Chalons sur Saône are ten leagues, through St. Leger and Bourgneuf.

CHALONS SUR SAÔNE.

Chalons is a place of much commerce since the revolution: and a depot of grain and wines from Paris and Marseilles. The composition of the essence d'orient is made here from the scales of the alburnus, or bleak for artificial pearls, or l'essence d'accident.

A water Diligence, such as sets off from Mayence on the Rhine, carries passengers down the Saône to the Rhone. The first place of notoriety you pass in going down the Saône, is the country of the celebrated painter Greuse, called Tournus; a pleasant town, with a quay and a handsome wooden bridge. St. Albin is remarkable for the little round hats of its females, carelessly worn over one ear like the costume of stage-peasants. All the country from Chalons to Macon on the right bank of the Saône, is considered as one of the finest countries, rich in meads and vineyards: at some leagues to the right is the chain of mountains of Charolais, a country once in the possession of Spain, but ceded to the Prince of Condé for France, at the peace of the Pyrenees. Macon finishes the day's journey by water, is the chief place of the Saône and Loire, and on its right

bank has a handsome quay, with fine public and private buildings that command a part of the chain of the Alps. Its grand commerce is in excellent wine and Cotignac de Macon. The best is made at Orleans, of the juice of quinces and sucre, and called cydoniatum. The inhabitants have lived peaceably since the days of Attila, king of the Huns, to whom the coins of Ateula are falsely ascribed. See Rasche, vol. vi. p. 605. Ateula Ulatos are Gallic names. See Spon. Miscell. p. 170. C. ULATTI. on an inscription at Lyons. The Maconians were ravaged by Attila, the Scourge of God, as he is called, and tortured exemplarily.

Cluny is only four leagues from the Saône at Macon, and remarkable for the ancient abbey of Benedictins, upon which two thousand monasteries of Europe depended; but neither convent, nor library, one of the richest in France, exist any longer. As you proceed nearer to Lyons, you stop to dine at Trevoux, on the left bank of the Saône. On a sloping hill down to the water-side rises an amphitheatre, crowned with an ancient Gothic castle, in venerable ruin; under it is the small town of Trevoux, well known for its journal and dictionary of the French language, which is almost an encyclopedia, as there are few things of which some-



thing is not said in that most valuable compilation, and the whole was printed at Trevoux. The knowledge of this circumstance greatly enhances the delight of any visitor who has consulted the book, and is acquainted with its merit; and must add much to his local pleasures. The tower de la belle Allemande, shut up for life by a jealous husband, now begins to appear, as Lycidas says, "*Sepulchrum incipit apparere Bianoris—et veniemus in urbem.*"

On entering Lyons, whose antiquities have been so often and so well described, particularly as long ago as 1673, by that able and learned antiquary, T. Spon, M. D. I shall not attempt to indulge myself at large in reciting the curiosities of that ancient colony of the Romans and capital of Celtic Gaul; but merely endeavour to give an idea of a beautiful mosaic, lately dug up in the garden of M. Macors, near the abbey of Ainai, in February 1806. It was only three feet under a surface of fine mould, with no marks of ruins in its neighbourhood, but merely covered with cement and tiles to preserve it. The situation was near a temple of Augustus, at the ancient confluence of the Saône and the Rhone. According to the lengthened shape of the monument here represented, its direction is from north to south, with

a slight declination to the west, and the spectator looks to the east. This position belongs to the principal entrance of the place where the mosaic lay, since at a short distance, and opposite, on the side of the west, a small square was formed, which seems to have been meant for the peristyle, or circular range of pillars. This mosaic shews the Circensian games, or courses of chariots and horse-races, with the inclosure of a circus. It is composed of small cubes of marble and precious stones, of different sizes, forming a tessellated work. The figure is a parallelogram of fifteen feet six inches, on nine by six, without comprising the border. The subjects of the picture are on a ground of black of a slate colour. Almost all the horses are bay, or white or gray; the frame is of the leaves of acanthus. It is well known that the inclosure of some circuses was straight-lined at one end, and at the other semicircular. The spectators were seated all round on benches protected by a balustrade, and by a canal named Euripus. In the middle of the area is the spine dividing the mosaic in two lengthways, unequally; the spine is a low wall of four feet in height, cut off by a passage near the middle, where are two fragments of figures dressed in blue: one holds a palm intended

for the conqueror, and the other a prize for one of the two courses. The obelisk dedicated to the sun is exactly in the mean of the whole line, between the two unequal parts of the spine, at the two extremities of which are three bourns at a small distance, making two other passages as narrow as the one near the middle. The altars, little temples, and statues, in most circuses are placed on this dwarf wall, but in the one before these are none.

On each part of the spine is a row of dolphins and eggs. The seven dolphins are ranged one after another upon a horizontal traverse, upheld by three pillars, and look as if they were spouting water on the spine, excavated like a basin. The eggs of wood follow in the same direction, on small props fixed like a palisade. A fragment coloured blue seems to have made part of a figure that Mr. Artaud suspects to be that of the erector ovorum, who counted the turns made by the chariots. On the opposite side of the spine there is no corresponding figure, because it has been effaced. The only difference is in the colour of the eggs, here white and there yellow.

The entour of the circus, as it is said, was defended not only by a balustrade, but also by a canal, called Euripus; which flowing and

reflowing seven times in twenty-four hours, may have determined the number of the dolphins and the turns. The circus before us has no Euripus, and probably was like one of those made of wood, put together, and taken to pieces, and carried from place to place, before there was a spot fixed upon for these games, as we learn from an inscription at Lyons, L. D. D. D. locus datus decreto decurionum. It was this that made Menestrier say, M. Artaud thinks, there was no circus at Lyons. At the entrance of the mosaic are the carceres or barriers; they appear to have been of wood, as in the early times of the republic. The number is here but eight, although authors have reckoned twelve in every circus; but the number of cars is also eight. There are bas reliefs in the Borgia-palace, at the town hall of Foligno, the Farnese gardens, and the museum of Velletri, that represent the carceres, or starting places. The grand entrance, which has no gate, is in the middle of the carceres, above is the Pretorian lodge, where are the three judges dressed in blue; he that is to the right, has a deep blue riband on his shoulder, bordered with white. The pretor, or overseer of the games, is higher up; and in the middle, his right arm is out of the box, and holds some-

thing white in his hand ; the mappa, or signal, which he drops at the moment they are to start. The signal was before Nero a lighted torch ; in which case the mosaic is not older than that emperor, but this is a matter of doubt, and uncertain. On each side of the Pretorian lodge are two rows of wooden galleries : the first, in the form of an amphitheatre, held the grandees ; but here you see a person leaning on a staff, whose office, unless it were to shut the barriers, is not very evident ; by his attitude he appears to make great exertions. Another figure is seen in parts ; the head, and the lower part of the body standing before a pillar, a little to the right of the gate of entrance : he wears long blue braccæ or pantaloons, and may have been the inspector, or herald of the conqueror. The left side of the entrance-gate corresponding to the right is so much effaced, that we cannot say for certain that it contained a similar figure and like pillar. The horses before the signal given were confined by chain or cord. At starting they were assorted or paired on a chalk line ; when the pretor gave the signal the trumpet sounded, and they set off from left to right in rays to the same centre generally. They were to go seven times round, pass close but nicely avoid the bourns, and arrive at the point from

whence they started: *Metam evitare et ad calcem pervenire*. From the number of cars it is easy to conceive the danger of shocks from crossing and jostling: to this was added the noise and cries of applause from the spectators, the sound of the musical instruments to animate the tardy, and encourage him who lagged behind and risked being distanced. North of the beginning of this mosaic a coachman of the green faction is overturned, his horses on the ground, and his car broken to pieces: he is on the white line whence the carriages set off. There were four factions or liveries; green, red, white, and blue. The games ceased altogether in the reign of Justinian, having been the pretext of civil war, and the Emperor escaped narrowly by the courage of Belisarius and the firmness of Theodora. Belisarius was under the necessity of putting thirty thousand of the rebels to death in one day in the circus.

The second colour is the red, which we cannot see, because the car is hid by the legs of the horses; the driver is in a fine attitude, and his horses are well delineated. The third colour is white, the carriage is on a second white line, and preceded by a horseman half rubbed out, which the red has not yet reached. The fourth car at the corner of the mosaic seems to belong to

the blue faction, if you may judge from the faint traces of colour that are still visible. Three of the horses are united by a yoke; the fourth, as Mr. Artaud has remarked, by a rope like nos chevaux de volée. This carriage is driven by two persons; one leaning forward cheers the horses, and another on foot, of whom you see the back, cracks his whip, and has an instrument in his left hand with two points to spur the horses, and the other perhaps to cut the traces in case of accident.

The fifth car at the left angle of the picture is red, and has upset in turning the bourn. The carriage is in squares, open behind in order to make it lighter. The driver appears in the act of setting his horses on their legs: the seats or boxes of the coachmen were a kind of basket-work, coloured to look like gilding.

The sixth carriage, with blue livery, appears to move on orderly at a good rate; the driver has no whip, and is single in guiding his horses, by the voice only, like the çagal, or postilion in Spain. Diocles, one of a thousand, is reported to have won the race without a whip, and to have had it inscribed on his tomb. See Gruter, tom. ii. part ii. p. 166. Diocles. Agitator, 76. The sixth car is preceded by a man in green, on a white horse: the cavalier is dressed dif-

ferently from the other drivers in the mosaic. The seventh car, obscured by the obelisk and much defaced, has no visible colour, though perhaps white. Of the eighth you can only see the heads of the horses, the rest is gone. This carriage is the first, and would probably have won. The last figure near the barriers is in green, and on foot: it holds a basin, of which the ground is blue. From the attitude of this person it may be easily conjectured, that he holds a sprinkler in his hand; that is, he holds a vessel of water, for the purpose of throwing it on the wheels, or refreshing the horse of the cavalier, who wears the same colour with himself.

All the drivers wear a cap of one sort, like a helmet of leather with a border behind of different colours: they are dressed alike in two tunics or waistcoats, with long and high braccæ or pantaloons; that is, breeches and stockings all of a-piece. The under-waistcoat is white with long sleeves, the upper is of the colour of the faction, with very short sleeves and close, descending to the knee: the whole is confined by a brown leathern girdle. The judges seem to wear a toga, and a small cap of a reddish brown. The person that shuts the gates has a pileus of the same colour, and a blue tunic with

short sleeves. The herald that proclaims the race has long blue pantaloons, with a flat cap, and a kind of white plume on one side. The two figures in the middle of the spine have a red bonnet doubled where it covers the ears, whilst the upper part makes the cap. Of the fragment of the erector ovorum there are only two or three blue stones left. For the most part, the presiding magistrates and functionaries of these games are all in blue. It appears that this mosaic had been discovered long before M. Macors found it in his garden, and robbed of its precious stones; since those which formed the dresses have been taken out, and the common pebbles have remained in their places.

The time when this curious antiquity was composed, was between Nero and Domitian: Nero substituted the mappa or linen cloth with a palm, a horse, or crown on it, the prize of the conqueror, for a lighted torch, the usual signal of departure: and Domitian added two liveries to the four on this picture, the purple and the gilt. The horses in this mosaic have cocked tails, with which Voltaire has reproached us for cutting off our horses' tails, and our kings' heads.

“La queue aux chevaux et la tête aux rois.”

For the details of this precious antique gem, I refer the reader to Mr. Artaud's masterly performance, printed at Lyons, in folio, 1806. The simplicity of the barriers makes M. Artaud suspect that this mosaic was a provincial one: Caligula resided at Lyons, and instituted games in that city, and he himself drove a car; perhaps, says M. Artaud, this was made in honour of him. Nero too was so fond of this amusement, that he wore the green livery, supped in the stable, says Suetonius, and gave his favourite horse Incitatus, a gold cup to drink out of, and fed him with gold oats; built him a stable of marble, and a rack of ivory. Perhaps, M. Artaud adds to his first conjecture, that this mosaic was made for Caligula, who knows if the Emperor be not in the green cavalier? M. Artaud however confesses, that the opinion of M. Delandine is more like the truth, who thinks the mosaic belonged to the house of Ligurius, the intendant of the circus games, and sovereign pontiff of the temple of Augustus, at no great distance from it. There is an inscription, in which it is said of Ligurius, preserved by Menestrier, a great antiquary of Dijon: Item.—

Sextus Ligurius marinus.

LVDOS CIRCENCES DEDIT.

Menestrier was of Dijon, and in the church of St. Medard there is a droll epitaph painted on a window, and in verse : —

Cy git Jean le Menestrier,
L'an de sa vie
Soixante et dix
Il mit le pied dans l'etrier,
Pour s'en aller en Paradis.

I cannot quit this subject without mentioning the commendatory verses of Voltaire in 1754, on this city ; which, like those of Scaliger and J. J. Rousseau, fill the reader with a perfect idea of its beauty, wealth, and wit, when you add the number of extraordinary characters it has given birth to, ancient as well as modern.

Ancients.

Germanicus, great nephew of Augustus ;

Claudius, emperor ;

Marcus Aurelius ;

Caracalla.

Moderns.

Philibert de l'Orme, director of the building of the Tuilleries ;

Soufflot, immortalized by the Pantheon at Paris and the dome of the Hotel Dieu at Lyons ;

Couston, Coisevoix, famous sculptors ;
 Audran, celebrated engraver ;
 Jussieu, botanist of great renown ;
 Spon, physician and poet ;
 Menestrier Jesuite, buried at Dijon ;
 Terrasson, author of the *Roman de Sethos*.

The Hotel Dieu, from whose upper story I saw Montblanc, is of the time of Childebert, son of Clovis the great, and his wife Ultrogothe, at the beginning of the sixth century.

Among other officers who attend this hospital without pay, there are nine physicians and surgeons ; and, among the most meritorious are one hundred and fifty sisters who attend, night and day, on one thousand five hundred sick, gratis ; except that they are lodged and fed : the hospital can receive eleven thousand. There is suspended from the roof of this hospital a lacerta like a crocodile, of which see an account in Salmasius, vol. ii. *Plinianæ Exercitationes*, p. 314. Pierre scize is the rock cut through by Agrippa, when he made the famous highways, called military roads.

The Aqueducts,

Near the telegraph, are the remains of those constructed in the second century, when Irenæus was bishop of Lyons.

Salle Gayet

Is the largest coffee-house in France; perhaps in Europe, or the world. It is in the form of a gallery, a hundred and forty feet long, fifty wide, and twenty-five high. It is lighted by fifteen portiques or windows of an elegant form that open on the walk, the Rhone, and its floating islands. The glasses of the interior are fifteen feet high, at short intervals reflect the river in all its rapidity, with the gardens of the Brotteaux, on the opposite side of the Rhone. The gallery is adorned with painting and sculpture, and terminates with a terrace decorated with vases and statues in groups, and an orangerie.

Museum.

In the Musée at Lyons there are sixty-three ancient and modern inscriptions in Latin. The xxxi. is the Taurobolium, altar Taurobole or bull's head altar, discovered in 1705, near the church of Fourvieres, in the old town on the hill, the conflagration of which is mentioned by Seneca, under the name of Forum vetus, Fortviel, now Fourvières. The bull's head on the face of this monument represents the bull sacrificed to the mother of the gods: on the left side

a ram's head in honour of Atys; on the right, the sacrificing knife, over which is an inscription; saying, that the sacrifice was at midnight. Cinquieme Gradin, 85. A horse's leg in bronze (Cabinet of Antiquities), large as life, found two hundred and ten years ago in the Saône, near the situation of the temple of Augustus. Armoire, No. 11, are kept the tables of the Emperor Claudius, of brass, engraved in two columns. They were found upon the hill of St. Sebastian, in 1528, on digging a canal for water. The speech of Claudius is not entire, but defective in one-third at the beginning: it is four feet two inches high by six. There is a speech of Claudius, in Tacitus, lib. xi. of the Annals.

The drift of the speech is to induce the senate to admit the nobles of Lyonese Gaul to the same privileges that those of Vienne, Lyons, etc. had obtained. This signal favour having been gained by means of a prince born at Lyons, enhances the interest to a high degree of this antiquity, and makes it peculiarly precious to the modern city.

Armoire, No. 5. There is among the medals one of Antiochus the Great,—ΒΑΣΙΛΕΩΣ ΑΝΤΙΟΧΟΥ ΔΩΠΟΝ [Diota] Rev. ΦΗΞΙ crouching sphinx Ar. See Caylus, tom. ii. pl. 49. Mionnet, tom. v. p. 26. It is very scarce.

The actual or present number of medals is 9560. The greatest antiquity in the Musée at Lyons is the mosaic, which is the grand object of attraction, in a city where there are so many, as well ancient as modern.

On leaving Lyons for Geneva, you find a good road to Nantua, a small town with a small lake between two high mountains. This lake produces trout, equally good with the lake of Geneva. St. Claude and its quarries are full of confitures enpierre, or round stony globules, with mineral waters, and mines of asphalt. Further on the road you go through narrow passes, see tremendous hanging rocks, and magnificent water-falls, the summit of Mount Jura, and the waters of the lakes of Syant and Nantua, that do not mix.

“—— Sic quum fluctus subter labere Sicanos,
Doris amara suam non intermisceat undam.

Virg. Eclog. x. v. 5.

At St. Germain de Joux, the road is uncommonly wild, with romance and chimera, and presents a fine lake full of delicious trout. It is after Bellegarde that you arrive at the boundary between France and Swisserland, on the frontier of Ain, where you must leave the vil-

lage of Coupy to walk along a narrow lane, to see

“———— a river large
Pass underneath ingulphed.”—MILTON.

The best time to see this is in the winter, or the spring, just before the waters are at their highest altitude. Ordinarily, the depth of the river where the waters are confined between the two mountains, joined by a rude wooden bridge, is only fifteen feet; but when the river is full, they rise to forty-five, or still higher. The breadth is only from fifteen to thirty feet in this defile, when at Geneva it is 213, after its junction with the Arve. The Rhone is lost under the fragments of rocks that have fallen from the hills, and remains concealed about sixty paces in length. Formerly you might pass the Rhone across the rocks without wetting your feet; but since the rocks have been blown up by France and Sardinia, to prevent smuggling, it cannot be done.

Many light substances have been thrown into the stream, but nothing has ever reappeared. From the place where the Rhone loses itself, it is three leagues to the Fort de l'Ecluse, which divides France and Savoy. The entrance of

this rude pass, with its horrid rocks, has a grand and magnificent appearance; and the view that opens upon you to the south-east of the chain of the Alps, is sublime and beautiful, and relieves wonderfully the solitary aspect of Mount Jura, on the side of Burgundy, by an extensive landscape of a delightful country all around you. The road is now moved higher up, and passes over the Fort de l'Ecluse, and the precipice is more and more frightful, from its edge to the Rhone, that rolls below both. As you approach Geneva, the road to the Petit Sacconex is to the left, and Vis-à-vis, the castle of delights, which Voltaire once inhabited, after his disgrace at Berlin, and where he wrote, "O maison d'Aristippe ô jardin d'Epicure!" His theatre in this delicious spot offended the Calvinists of Geneva, and he removed in 1757 to Lausanne, from whence he retired to Ferney in 1759, where his sleeping-room still remains in the same state he left it, like the apartment at Paris on his own quai, of which the windows are opened once a year.

GENEVA.

The best view of Geneva is from the hill about a mile from the town, near the confluence

of the Rhone and Arve: the most extraordinary view of Mont Blanc is before sun-set, when the verge of the mountain is seen in the waters of the lake, before the sun drops behind Mount Jura. Having already spoken of this curious and learned city, in a journey to the Simplon in 1818, I shall only say that I here add to that account a drawing of the house of J. J. Rousseau, and the notice of a small picture of one figure representing our Saviour on his knees, *tale quale Gesù nell' Orto* in the larger pieces, in possession of the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Angerstein. This single figure belongs to Mr. Hentch, and is said to be an original, from the hand of Antonio de Allegris: but where could he get it? cry the astonished *Conoscenti*: why, what cannot a banker get at Parma, or elsewhere, even in the little town in the Modenese that gave Antonio de Corregio birth, in 1594! Of Rousseau's house I must say a word: over the door are these words in gold letters on a dark ground:—

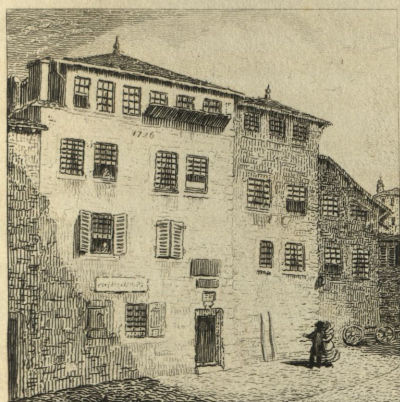
ICI EST NE'

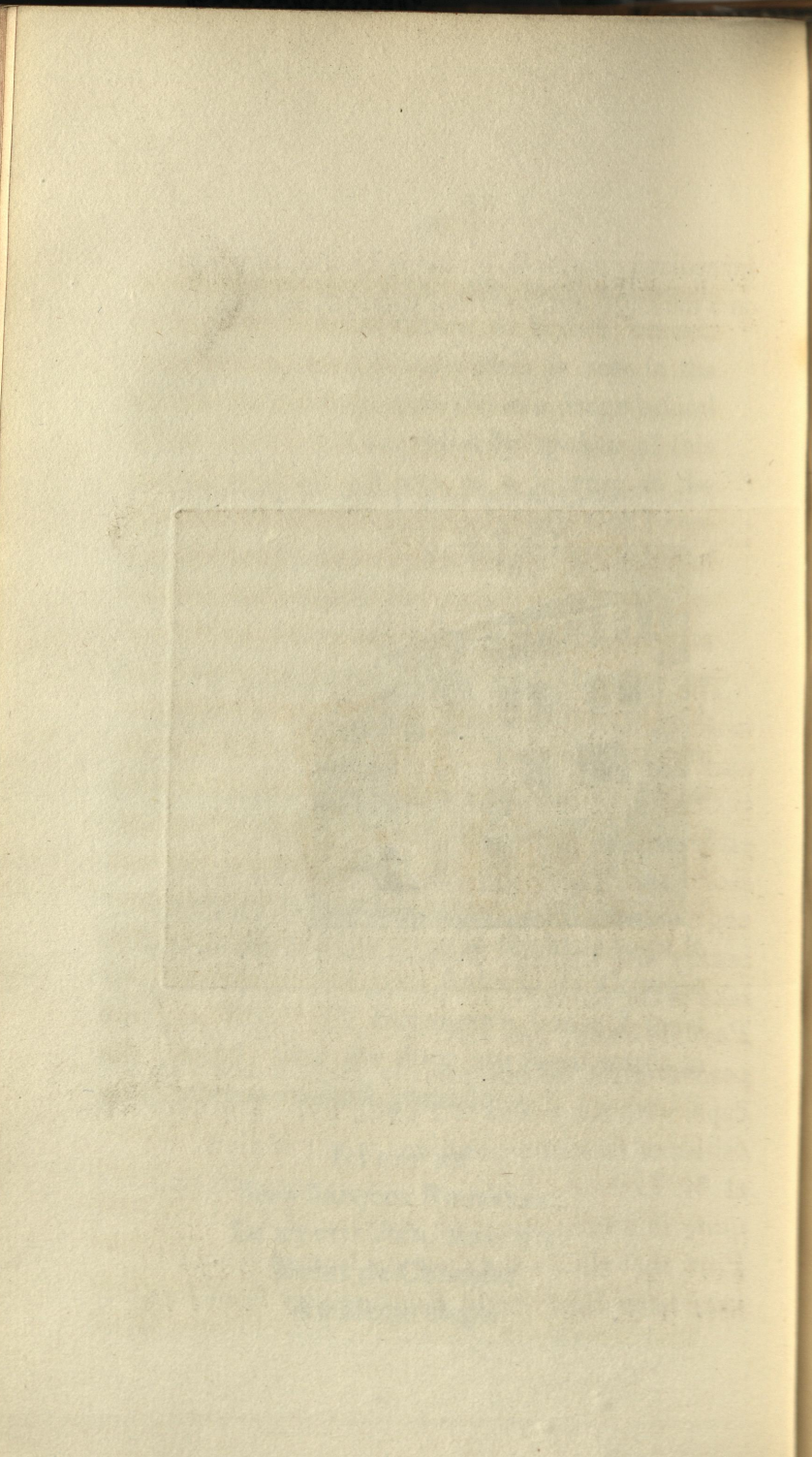
Jean Jacques ROUSSEAU,

Le xxviii Juin, MDCCXII.

Debit de Chocolat

Au 3ieme etage.





Immediately under it, on the left hand, in white on a dark ground, over the window, is

Coulin
Faiseur
D'OUTILS.

N.B. The drawing is a copy of a print in Lithography, of the year 1820.

LAUSANNE.

The lake has been very lately sounded between Geneva and Lausanne, by an Englishman, and the depths are at Gentoo, 1180 feet; at Chillon, 1200; at Meillerie, 1190. Its greatest breadth three leagues and a quarter, between Rolle and Thonon; at Nyon only one league and a quarter. Constance disputes the prize for beauty with Lemman: Voltaire used to say, "My lake is the finest." In journeying through the Pays de Vaud, you remark the costume of the peasant-girls, in enormously large black wire caps, with the wings of a butterfly. The curiosities of Lausanne, and fine points of view, are at M. Levade's house, where is also an antiquity in a mile-stone of the time of Antoninus Pius, that shews the distance from Avenche to have been thirty-eight Roman miles from Pan-

dex, on the road from Lausanne to Lutri. In going out of the Porte d'Ouchy, you arrive at Gibbon's terrace; which, in the year 1785, he paced up and down, after having finished his history of the fall of the Roman Empire, telling the company that walked with him en face du Lac, "j'ai pris Constantinople." The visitors on that occasion were distinguished personages: General Walmoden, Prince Henry of Prussia, the Prince of Brunswick, L'abbé Bourbon, natural son of Louis XV. acknowledged, who died at Naples. Two grand-daughters of Rabin de Thoyras, the Duke and Dutchess de Chablais, Lady Clarges, Miss Carter, Monsieur Tissot, medecin celebre, Monsieur Mercier, l'auteur de l'Indigent, Mlle. Creusat, l'auteur de Caroline; in all fourteen. In the excellent Panorama of Lausanne, in London, the buildings on the right hand prevent the view of Gibbon's house and terrace, and nothing is seen but the weeping willow in the garden. What a pity! as Gibbon's house is always the first thing looked for at Lausanne.

MOUDON.

The road to Moudon at the distance of two or three leagues from Lausanne, is on the

Jura, from whence you discover the Alps of Savoy, Mont Blanc, and the lake of Geneva. Moudon is a small town in the Pays de Vaud, on the high road to Berne. At Payerne there is nothing more remarkable than the spouts of the houses, which overhang the tops in the shape of frightful dragons, except the saddle of Queen Bertha, in which there is a hole in the forepart to receive her distaff, and signify, that she had been a queen; *la reine de Robert Roi de France*, by whom she was divorced, and despaired of regaining her kingdom, as the crown of France never falls to the distaff. If this be the case, the saddle must now be a thousand years old, as Robert III. was twice crowned in 996, at his birth-place, Orleans, and then at Reims. At Payerne, as at Lausanne, cushions are on boards before the windows. Opposite the *Maison de Ville*, is the Bear. I was at the *Maison de Ville*, and saw the company at the window, one of which was a female that it was impossible not to contemplate: the cushion on which she leant was yellow, her gown was black, her spectacles green, and her cheeks red. The fountains in all Swiss towns are abundant, the alleys of plane trees in the walks are umbrageous, and the beeches round-topped. The environs are very fruitful in peas and to-

bacco. In going straight to Berne, you pass the road to Soleure, and return to it in your way to Bâle. Men, women, and children, in all the villages, are employed in hackling or dressing flax. This useful labour has been introduced by the princesses in their schools for the poor at Windsor. The tender branches of the fir-trees are cut down to make litter for cows and horses. The lake of Morat and the town are well known for the battle won by the Swiss, in 1476, against Charles the Rash. The Swiss lost 400, and had 600 wounded; the Burgundians 18,000 infantry, and 5000 cavalry. The Swiss fought for liberty, and having gained the day, collected the bones of the enemy in a chapel by the side of the lake; when the French waged war against monarchy, they razed the building and dispersed its contents: the scalps of their countrymen are now scarce; I picked up a few. Monsieur Portales of Neufchatel, who made large purchases at Choiseul's sale of Greek statues and Athenian antiquities, has a house near the lake, which is two leagues long, and one half of a league broad, and one hundred and fifty feet deep. The lake is full of fish, particularly of the salut, wels, or waidfish, *Silurus Glanis* of Linnæus. From the spot where the chapel stood the view reminds you

strongly of Dover and its coast. The village of Cuminet lies entirely between the hills, and abounds in beautiful plants, as for instance Impatiens, or steif mutterleib. In two hours you arrive at Berne.

The first things that strike you forcibly on entering the city, are the living devices of the canton, in two parks to the right and left, for bears and stags. The canton of Berne is considered, in the position of its capital, as less gay than Zurich, less fertile than Bâle, and not so romantic as Lucerne and Thoun, but higher than any in Swisserland, and not commanded so nearly by any mountain as Zurich is by the Hütliberg, Lucerne by Mount Pilate and Righi, Geneva by Saleve. The consequence is, that her air is purer; and still more so, by the rapidity of the current which goes nearly through, and all round the town. Berne is 1708 feet above the sea, 522 above the lake of Geneva, 312 higher than Neufchatel and Bienne, 371 higher than Zurich, and 71 lower than Thoun. In four children born, one lives to seventy; and in one hundred that die, from twenty to twenty-five have reached from seventy to a hundred years. The city of Berne is composed of three wide parallel streets, in which the houses are symmetrically high, and

of four stories : the entry into the houses is under an arcade, the doors are all open, and the several stories are distinguished by bells, and the inscription of the names of the occupiers. In winter the corridors are freezing, in summer stifling. The streets are well kept, but the scavengers that sweep them are all chained together. On the side of the Valais, you see the mountains rise on the Bernese territory ; many of whose summits fall little short of Mont Blanc. The names are the Finsterhorn, the Schreckhorn, the Wetterhorn, the Eigher, the Iungfrau, the Grosshorn, the Breithorn, the Tschingelehorn, the Blumis-Alpe, the Doldenhorn ; by the congress of Vienna, to this canton belongs the town of Bienne and its environs. The churches, libraries, and cabinets of natural history are considerable. In the town library, rebuilt in 1714, there is a collection of all the birds of Swisserland.

Mr. Weber has given to Berne, his own city, a cabinet of curious articles from the islands of the South-Seas, which he collected in his voyage with Captain Cook. There are also in the library, Roman antiquities of the canton, and drawings of the mosaic pavements of Avenche ; also, the mineralogy of M. Erlach. The walks are singularly beautiful, particularly the ter-

race, one hundred and eight feet above the Aar, commands fine views of the Alps. The baths in and near the city, for cutaneous disorders, are sovereign.

SOLEURE.

The canton of Soleure is eighteen miles north of Berne, and thirty south-south-west of Bâle. It is situated between the Aar and the Jura, has about forty-five thousand inhabitants, almost all Roman catholics. The mountains of the part of Jura extend to the territory of Soleure, are two thousand feet above the Aar, and rise still one thousand five hundred higher. The town of Soleure is famous for its church of St. Ours : its façade has better architecture than exists any where in Swisserland. The old church having been pulled down, made a discovery of Roman works, of which the belfry in the middle of the town is a part. There is a library here of 10,000 volumes, and a collection of the petrifactions and fossils, found in the part of Mount Jura belonging to Soleure, made by an individual. Figures à la Turk sound the hours, and move round in a circle as the clock strikes. Before 1798 the town was all French : since that period till now, German is spoken at the

table d' hôte. In order to see the sun rise and light up the mountains, you have an opportunity of getting up the Wyssenstein, and in three hours on reaching the chalets, or huts for the cattle on the mountain and their guardians, you pass the night here, and at dawn of day have a sublime view of the Alps from east to west, on a line of one hundred and thirty leagues in length; and, turning to the south, thirty leagues from the spot where you are, the sight extends from the Tyrol to a point beyond Mont Blanc. On the side of the south-west, and in the breadth due south, the eye takes in the tops of the mountains Rose, Cervin, and the Weissorns, on the frontiers of the Valais, six hours from Sion. It may be easily conceived how grand the rising and setting sun make this view, and how little the description.

From Soleure, the high road passes through Ballestal: the approach to this village is most magnificent, and resembles Dove-dale; the rocks are like castles, the road is picturesque beyond all conception. The village is at the foot of Upper Hauenstein. At Liestall, a small town in the canton of Bâle, on the river, at the inn, we found the host and his family employed in contemplating the eclipse of the sun, and furnished with buckets of water and smoked

glasses, of which they invited us to partake with great civility. The canton of Bâle is rich in rare and useful vegetables above the rest of Swisserland, and possesses many that the other cantons want.

BALE

Lies higher than Strasburg by four hundred and sixty-two feet, and more so, considerably, than Amsterdam. The principal things formerly seen at Bâle are now no longer visible : the wall, on which was painted by an artist long before Hans Holbein, the dance of death has, by revolutionary violence fallen down, and the house on which H. H. drew his dance is no more : unluckily for those who deferred their visit, and thought they would wait till they came. But still the library remains, and beaux restes of pen and ink drawings of H. H. endeared to us by having breathed his last, not indeed like Leonardo da Vinci, in the arms of Francis ; but, as it were, at the feet of Henry. In the library at Bâle, the most considerable of all Swisserland, you see enough to assure you of the talents of H. Holbein, and to console you for what no longer exists. Bâle is on the banks of the Rhine, and the inn of the three kings close to the river :

from its magnificent long Salle de Company, fitted up with the views of Swisserland, and the portraits of its heroes and philosophers, you see the Grand Dutchy of Bade and Alsace, the Black Forest, Schwarz Wald, well known for its cuckoo clocks; and you have much nearer, and at your feet, the rival of the Rhone, with its ancient bridge, half wood and half stone, and the old town beyond it. The sign of the inn represents the Emperor Conrad II. his son Henry III. King of the Romans, and Rodolph III. last King of Burgundy, who all met at this house in 1027, when the King of Burgundy gave up his kingdom to Henry III. All that remains of the old house is a round tower, a depot of salt.

Cathedral.

The cathedral is built of red sand stone, from a quarry in the Black Forest. Here are the tombs of Anne, wife of the Emperor Rodolphe, of Hapsbourg, of Erasmus, in black marble. A staircase leads from the church to the hall, where the counsel sat from 1431 to 1444, to lay the foundations of the Reformation. Here is also the room where Erasmus lectured. In the church is a tombstone for the great-grandfather of Cardinal Fesch; a relation of the latter was cook to George III. and lived in Bury Street,

St. James's. The spire, of beautiful Gothic work, is visible within the choir, through a pane of glass.

The Public Library.

The finest works of Hans Holbein are in the Bibliotheque. The passion of our Lord, in eight pictures in a cabinet, as fresh and brilliant in colour, as if it had been painted in the nineteenth, though it was begun and finished in the sixteenth century. A dead Christ, painted on the saint suire, or drap mortuaire, of great price and extraordinary truth. The portrait of a woman of Alsace, playing with her child, of great beauty: a lady.—This picture was refused on account of the six Frederics d'or charged for it, and repainted as Lais: under it is a purse with thirteen Frederics d'or rolling out of it, the price accepted by the lady who ordered, and refused the first at six.

The dance of death, painted on a wall long before H. Holbein, where is now a public walk, exists only in broken fragments, in the houses of Counsellor Vischer, Le Justicier, Rourcard, Dufaubourgneuf, the Professor Fesch, Place de St. Pierre, Mr. Irelin, Mr. Louis Bridel, and in the public library. See the Etrennes Helvetiennes of 1806. The house too is laid

low, on which H. H. painted his dance of death, so that Bâle now contains neither the one nor the other complete. Bâle was in its greatest glory in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when it possessed Erasmus, Froben, Ammerback, and Oecolampadius, or Hausschein in its university.

Botanic Garden.

The garden of plants is well kept, and had many plants in flower and in fruit, when I visited it in August. *Ricinus Africanus* in flower, *bignonia radicans*, and a shaddock-tree in fruit of considerable size.

Pictures.

The most extraordinary pictures I saw at Bâle, after the family of Sir Thomas More, Erasmus, Luther, and the pen and ink drawings for the praise of folly, in the public library, were at the house of an individual, Mr. Marquard Wother, at Bâle. Among others, a crucifix, by H. Holbein, valued at four hundred Frederics d'or, or guineas. A devil is introduced leaning over the head of one of the robbers, of a terrible aspect, resembling strongly the dragons and water-spouts in the Swiss towns.

A second more pleasing subject, and by the first of Italian masters, was next pointed out as a chef d'œuvre. A holy family, la Madonna de l'Œillette, or lady of the pink, like the Madonna del Garofano of Raphael, at Florence; a small picture. The price asked for this gem is 2500 pounds. The great curiosity and the most attractive is the Panorama of Thoun. The lake of Thoun is in a basin of five leagues in length, and one in breadth, surrounded by high mountains, which above furnish excellent pasture, and below vineyards. It is from hence that you have a view of a chain of Glaciers, from the Jungfrau to the Doldenhorn. The Blumlisalps are distinguished in this amphitheatre by their enormous masses, and their beautiful forms. The Jungfrau is 11,085 feet above the lake, and the Blumlisalp 9006. The Nieson is seen to the right of this chain, in a fine pyramidal form. The Nieson is productive quite to the top: you mount to its summit without risk or fatigue in four hours. Thoun is placed in one of the most agreeable countries of Switzerland, five leagues from Berne, and half a league from whence the Aar comes out of the lake that bears its name. Thoun was sold by Count Eberhard for three thousand, on consideration of annual rent, payable by the Bernois. This

rent ceased in 1335, and Thoun had been ceded to Bern in 1334, the year before. After this the Bernois sent a burgomaster to Thoun. Among the manuscripts in the library at Bâle, there is an *Evangeliaire* in Greek, of the eleventh century, on vellum, used by Wetstein, in his *Greek Testament*; a MS. of St. Gregory, of Nazianzen, in Greek, of the twelfth century; a copy also of the *Biblia Pauperum*, with forty-one engravings in wood. In the Hotel de Ville there is a statue of Munatius Plancus, founder of the old town of Augusta Rauracorum near Bâle, with an inscription of Beatus Rhenanus, a friend of Erasmus. On the staircase in the court is a picture, representing the last judgment, with the devil carrying the popes, monks, and nuns to hell,—1510. The dance of death was painted, it is said, by Jean Klauber, after the plague which desolated Bâle. In the arsenal, the armour of Charles le Temeraire, taken at the battle of Morat, is preserved as a trophy of liberty.

STRASBOURG.

From Bâle to Strasbourg there are fifteen posts, or thirty leagues: the most remarkable thing in this journey is the canal, begun by Na-

poleon; of which, fifteen leagues are finished. The intention is to join the Rhine and the Mediterranean, from Strasbourg and Marseilles. Strasbourg is only a quarter of a league from the Rhine, on the river Ill, which having reached the Breush, runs through the town, and falls into the Rhine at Wanzenau, two leagues below the city. Argentorat in Celtic, the primitive name of Strasbourg, means a river-side, or a place where a river passes. The monumental antiquities preserved in the library, shew that Argentorat was the quarter or station of the eighth Roman legion, which Ptolemy confirms. It was destroyed by the Germans in the fifth century, and one hundred years after rebuilt by the Franks, and called Stratumbourg, or Strasbourg; fort or town on the road. In 1681 it submitted to Louis XIV. and was united to France, and fortified by Vauban, which produced a well-known medal, *Clausa Germanis Gallia*; on the exergue, *Argentorati arces ad Rhenum*. Some of the squares are planted with acacias robinias, or pseudo acacias. The streets are well lighted, and the pavement is well kept. The cathedral was founded by Clovis in 500; and the choir, built by Pepin and Charlemagne: it is the finest Gothic church extant. The body of the church

was begun in 1015, and finished in 1275. Two years after the tower was raised, and completed in 1439. The spire is universally admired; it is open all the way up, and in ascending and descending, you seem to be going up and down stairs in the air; but if you are as giddy as a goose you cannot fall out. The height of this spire is only three feet lower than the great pyramid: the clock is like that of Lyons, always out of order. It is too much for a machine to shew the movements of constellations, the sun and moon, and the rest of the planets, with accuracy, for two hundred and twenty years. It was begun in 1547, by Isaac Habrecht of Schafhouse, continued by his son Abraham, and finished in 1574, by Isaac his grandson, with the aid and assistance of the famous mathematician Dasypodius. It is many years since it has ceased to perform its functions; Meybaum has, however, replaced it by a clock in the platform, that strikes the hour and the quarters, for the consolation of the citizens of Strasbourg. The Rhine has two bridges across it; a great one, and a small one of seven arches: the great one is of oak, without masonry, and may be taken down in forty-eight hours. There are many wooden bridges across the Ill. In the church of St. Thomas, is the mausoleum of Marechal

Saxe, by Pigale and Schæpflin. The Marechal appears descending gradually into the tomb in complete steel: his head crowned with laurels, and his staff of marechal in his hand: above him is a pyramid of grey marble in relief. On the right are emblems of war, and enemies alarmed and routed; on the left is the Genius of War in tears, with an inverted torch. France endeavours to retain him with one hand, and repel Death with the other. The composition is grand, and rich in the art of Bouchardon. It was erected under Louis XV. in 1776. The Prefecture, where the passports stopped at the gates are redelivered, is in the Rue Brulée, so called from the Jews burnt there in 1349. The house stands in the churchyard of the persecuted Hebrews.

The public library is in the choir of a church, Le Templeneuf, formerly a convent of Dominicans, and consists of the spoils of three libraries of convents, and other establishments of the department. It is rich in old copies, and has a portrait of Jean Gutemberg, who left Strasbourg in 1444, to join Meidenbach, and was one of the two brothers, Ambos Johannes, Geinsfleisch, and Gutemberg, in the house Zum-jungen at Mayence. Gensfleisch senior, first invented metal types, and taught Gutemberg his art.

The two brothers, Ambos Johannes, occur in the verses of the first edition of Justinian's Institutes, printed by Peter Schoeffer, in 1468.

NANCY

Is divided into two towns, the old and the new. The new is superb in streets and squares. King Stanislaus is buried at the end of the Faubourg St. Pierre. The Mausoleum is the chef d'œuvre of Girardon. The famous engraver and designateur Callot was born at Nancy.

CHALONS SUR MARNE.

Chalons sur Marne has a triumphal arch, and the most agreeable walk for its inhabitants in all France. Its churches and other buildings suffered as much by the iconoclasts in the revolutions, as the figures that adorn the superb portal of the cathedral of Strasbourg have done, in the barbarism of degradation.

From Chalons sur Marne to Reims, you pass through Champagne Pouilleuse, and leaving Chalons at noon, you arrive at Reims at the dining hour of that place. The distance is be-

tween five and six posts, through Sillery, and before its park and castle.

REIMS.

Reims is surrounded by little hills that produce delicious wine. This city owes its celebrity to its antiquity and its cathedral, which in the Gothic beauty of its portal vies with and surpasses both Strasbourg and Cologne. I say nothing of its painted glass in roses over its three doors, which are confessedly above all praise. It is not an uncommon thing to see a tower reel and shake when its great bells are rung, which is particularly the case with the ten-bell tower at Exeter; but in the church of St. Nicholas at Lyons, there is an arc boutant, or arcade, that supports an elevated roof that moves evidently when the smallest of the four bells is sounded, and remains immovable when all four are rung: an explanation of this phenomenon has been given in the *Spectacle de la Nature*; to which, in fairness to M. Pluche, the reader is desired to refer. Before the church of St. Nicholas are two needles or pyramids, in stone: on entering the church, an ancient tomb presents itself, adorned with bas reliefs:

the body of St. Remy has been magnificently enchased. The sainte ampoule, used for consecrating the kings of France, was broke before all the world of Reims, by an enraged jacobin of the name of Ruhl; who, finding nothing else to break, broke himself to pieces, and died by his own hand, without recollecting Martial : "Amphora non meruit tam pretiosa mori." There are antiquities at Reims, among others a triumphal arch in honour of Cesar and Augustus.

PARIS.

From Reims I came again to the capital, having made une petite tournée of a few leagues, and visited Lyons, Geneva, Lausanne, Berne, Bâle, Strasbourg, and Reims.

BOULEVARDS.

At the corner of the Rue Grammont is a house which now belongs to a society of two hundred, or a day-club, du bon genre, to which you may be introduced by a member. The hotel is spacious, magnificently furnished, and in every respect agreeable, and has nul inconvenient. The rent is fifteen thousand francs, which are paid by the two hundred members

at one hundred and forty each a year, and twenty or ten francs half-yearly to the servants. The dinner is four francs ten a head, well-served, and a magnificent desert. The reading-room is fitted up with books, maps, and new publications, and the apartments to retire and talk are equally well provided with tables of recreation, and a billiard-room. Members are balloted for, one black ball excludes: there is no entrance, or caution-money required.

Mortality.

In France, one dies in thirty-seven during the year.

In England, one in forty-nine.

In the hospitals in France, one in seven.

In England, one in seventeen.

Hotel Dieu enfants trouves in France, one in four.

In England, one in nine.

Theatres.

The opera house is now in ruins, but the grandest of all its ballets *Les Danaïdes* is performed as it was last year with increased reputation, at the Porte de St. Martin, to numerous nightly spectators. The addition of the wit of Potier, who possesses the sort of practical

joke which delights the Parisians, is of great use to every piece in which he appears for example, without which no just idea can be conveyed. “La Maitresse lui dit vous etes le garçon, garçon d'honneur s'il vous plait. La Maitresse—vous avez un air independant, plutot d'un pendant ;” pulling at the same time his cap over his eyes like a man who is going to be hanged. The lady asks him where he got his watch ; he answers, “C'est une montre qui m'a été présentée, elle est de reputation,” the pit laughed, as they expected repetition.

Aux Francois.

At this theatre, where Talma and Duchesnoy play in tragedy, there are three actresses, whose ages make one hundred and ten, that take all the young parts in comedy with the greatest eclat.

All the theatres at Paris keep upon their legs from the Ambigu and the Gaité, down to Bobeche on the Boulevards, and Monsieur Comte, in the Rue Grenelle, who once a week announces Polyphage, or Jacques de Falaise to the people for seventy-five centimes, who eats all nature through as it were ; and having let down a rabbit into his stomach, sends a ferret

in to drive him out again. This extraordinary devourer tells you his history, parentage, and education, like le Francaleu in the Metromanie.

“ Dans mon ventre un beau jour, ce talent se trouva,
Et j'avais soixante ans, quand cela m'arriva.”

Palais Royal.

At the end nearest the Rue St. Honoré is the magnificent palace of the Duke, whose establishment at Paris and at Neuilly is on a grand scale. A carriage goes daily between Neuilly and Paris, for tradesmen and servants, and sometimes, like the Versailles caravan, with nobody in it. The epigram on a Mercure is applicable to this case :

Pourquoi ce Mercure,
N'at-il souvent rien
C'est un carosse de Voiture
Il faut qu'il parte vide ou plein.

Pray how comes it that the post of to-day
Should have nothing to tempt ye ?
Because 'tis a stage that must drive away,
And depart full or empty.

VERSAILLES.

Both St. Cloud and Versailles may be visited as often as you go to Paris. At St. Cloud, there is always some novelty at the palace, or in the stables: one year Bonaparte's charger; another, a stallion of the Duke d'Angouleme, who gives great prices for fine stone-horses. The tomb-stone of Mrs. Jordan is in the churchyard at St. Cloud; this is quite enough to draw strangers from England, to pay their last adieu to the grave of a favourite actress. As to Versailles, it is ever new, and ever gay, and given to change; for instance, the Cuisine du Roi, which was last year converted into a manufactory of guns and pistols, for presents to crowned heads and their ambassadors, is now in the act of becoming a kitchen again, like Virgil's Caenis.

“Rursus et in veterem fato revoluta figuram.”

Æ. vi. 449.

The bridge of Neuilly has seen various changes. The first bridge was merely a bridge of boats, which had nearly been fatal to Henry IV. and Mary de Medicis; since, in passing in a carriage, the horses took fright in a storm of

thunder and lightning, upset the royal family ; and, by the sudden inclination of the boat, threw them into the river. The king soon reached the bank, and with great coolness turned back to save the queen and his natural son the Duke de Vendome, whom he succeeded in dragging ashore. This accident shewed the necessity of a bridge, and a wooden one was soon constructed in 1607 ; but it was not till 1772 that the wood became stone : and Perronet built the handsome one of the present day in a line with the grand alley of the Tuilleries, by order of Louis XV. The king was the first that passed over it in 1772, which was done in five minutes, in the presence of thousands of curious spectators, collected on the 22d of September, to see the fine sight.

Remark.

Since the French have changed their government, they have changed their manners, and in spite of the religion which they profess, and the morals which they affect, they think the new liberty they have acquired entitles them to die when they please, and put an end to the miseries to which life is heir, at their own discretion. There was a time when they laughed and

lampooned the Englishman for this practice, and wrote over his grave—

“Cy git Jean rost bif ecuyer
Qui se pendit pour se desennuyer.”

At present the tables seem to be turned, and the number of suicides among the French in all parts authorize us to retaliate, and write

“Cy git Jean Casserole militaire,
Qui se pendit pour se tirer d'affaire.”

Prince de Bourdeaux.

There is nothing that may not be degraded. Henry, the Prince de Bourdeaux, Dieu donné, God sends bien né, perfect, bene natus, as the statutes of All Souls College in Oxford, require a candidate should be; that is, neither maimed nor deformed, or in any way curtailed of nature's fair proportion. The opposition in Paris call him *En rit*, and convert, like the *Marquis de Bievre*, a sweet-bread *ris de veau*, into a calf's-laugh. The French are great *rieurs*, and answer one question by another: if you say, “*pourquoi riez vous quand je passe*,” they ask the same question of you; “*pourquoi passez vous quand je ris*.” To this there is no other reply to be made, but to pass on.

Fine Arts.

It is to the Count of Somma Riva and the Baron Denon that the French capital has greater obligations than to any two individuals. At Somma Riva's, David the French Raphael, and Prudhon the French Correggio, exhibit their best productions. At Baron Denon's, specimens are shewn of the Baron's last and best work; a stupendous history of art for an octogenaire, in which he resembles Sophocles, who wrote his best play at eighty.

Botany.

Besides the jardin des plantes, there is in the jardin Marbœuf trees planted by the Choiseul family, remarkable for their dimensions.

Salisburia adiantifolia. Japan.

Ailanthus glandulosa. China.

N. B. This tree was covered with flowers in August last.

Gymnocladus canadensis.

Cercis siliquastrum arbor judæ.

Sophora japonica.

In the king's garden, Faubourg du Roule, No. 20. is the pistacia, terebinthus, mas folio,

pinnato cum impari, et foemina in fruit against a high wall.

N. B. A dwarf arbor judæ flourishes under a dwarf wall at Versailles, in the royal pleasure grounds: the leaves are of a large size, and beautifully veined with red. The orangerie is in high beauty, and was not hurt in the severe frost of last winter, when the trees at Nice and Hieres were all killed. The olives also suffered to a great extent.

Les Scavans.

Monsieur Cuvier has lately published his eloges of certain members of the Institute, with a detail of the excellence of each; and whether the person whom he praises be a botanist, a conchologist, entomologist, geologist, or mineralogist, he enters into the peculiar merits of each science, as if he had studied nothing else. I shall give a precis of his own reception-speech in the autumn of the year 1818, and finish this small work with a biography of Monsieur Balthazar George Sage, by himself, in French, with a few maxims of the Black Forest and entertaining stories, unterhaltende Erzählungen of the almanack of Bâle, for the year 1821.

M. Cuvier, elected by the French Academy, took his seat the 27th of August, 1818, and pronounced his reception-speech, of which I have made the following precis or abridgment:—

PRECIS.

Letters and science have had one common origin, and, for a long time, owed their progress to similar causes; and the different forms under which they have appeared, have been affected by their mutual influence, with which they have assisted each other in every period of time.

It would be a task worthy of men of letters and ingenious critics, such as are to be found among your members, to follow the windings of this reciprocal action, this concatenation of science and letters, of the art of interrogating nature, and that of convincing and charming mankind.

For my part, I can only make a feeble sketch of a part of the whole, and beg leave to choose that portion which is most homogeneous and nearest in alliance with my general line of study.

It is my intention, then, to shew what are the first impressions of nature that give poetry its

gayest images, and oratory its most powerful arms, and chalk out the distinct character of the three great periods and principal ages, which appear to me to be developed in the like nature of every people.

The first of these ages may be called that of inspiration, in which man speaks the language of God: the charmed nations proclaim him their teacher, their lawgiver, and their pontiff. His songs, handed down from mouth to mouth, become, for ages, the morality, the politics, and the science of the people.

I correct myself in calling it science; it is not yet worthy of that name, it is the picture of beings in a state of nature, of which Homer exhibits brilliant and faithful paintings, with the same ease that he creates or puts into action the colossus of Ajax or of Diomède, and makes us shed tears with Hector, at his last embrace of the infant Astyanax. Homer is as great a master of human nature as he is a poet; his descriptions are exact, because he feels all he describes, and is strongly impressed with all he relates.

So Dante, by piling horror on horror, plunges us into the bottomless abyss of hell; and Milton, by lights, at once soft and brilliant, creates a heavenly habitation, and places us in paradise.

So much for the fairy scenes of nature ; the age of letters is of a more serious cast. Sentimental pleasure is not enough, but it is not my wish to occupy your attention by dry details ; and let it suffice, that I shew you the origin of the studies of the mind, that become a source of riches for the man of letters.

In the labyrinth, from the heart to the head, new mysteries are daily discovered, and new efforts will daily be required to describe them ; and, as the visible world, according to the system of certain ancient philosophers, was nothing more than the representation of Divine intelligence, language will become a lively and animated picture of the profoundest truths of the moral.

Thus the second age of letters, which I would call the age of reflection, will begin, which owes its birth to the first efforts of scientific knowledge better understood. It is by this road, that man can arrive at the study of the passions, and the knowledge of himself. For this purpose, national philosophy must open the way to moral, and Socrates take Anaxagoras for his preceptor.

As soon as the art of writing had been disengaged from the constraint of metre, no subject could resist it, with the same warmth of ex-

pression, without failure of passion or imagination; it comprehended the slightest hints, and illustrated the obscurest questions.

The art of writing in prose is posterior to the art of writing in verse, but contemporary with the highest speculations of science, and the best present that God could have made to men, if he intended that the creature should understand his works. Without prose we should have had no history, we may say, no philosophy.

Hitherto I have drawn my examples from ancient literature. From the poetry of Homer brought to perfection, as it were, in one flight of the imagination in the earliest times, from Virgil, a copyist indeed, but an improver of his original, by the aid of science and philosophy.

In the first example, the order of progressive improvement results from the developement of original nature, unassisted by any prototype, but that of its own conception. With the moderns, the gradation is different; the powers of invention having been exhausted by one man, we are left to follow his track, and our literature and our poetry is that of the ancients.

Marot, in his antiquated style, has shewn of what grace and simplicity our language was capable; and the verses of Corneille, although

oftentimes incorrect, have equalled in force, and sublimity of thought, the utmost grandeur of the ancients.* Amidst a variety of attempts to find the perfection, which we still had to arrive at, in French prose, one man discovered it; it was the author of the *lettres Provinciales*,† but the author of the *Provinciales* was born a geometer, and enriched natural philosophy with the most important of truths. Poetry will submit sooner or later to the severe laws of prose, and consent to become less free in order to be more just in its thoughts, more bright in its images, and even more forcible in its language;‡ since in poetry as in prose, there is no strength without truth or perspicuity. The third period now draws near, an epoch rather of debility than old age; fictions begin to lose their hold on correct imaginations, great passions animate the scene no longer, ridicule begins to be exhausted, the wonderful opens a new and fertile field to the arts of imagination.

* Boileau, speaking of La Fontaine, says, pointedly, “ Il est assez bête de croire que les anciens avoient plus d’esprit que lui. Redacteurs.

† Les Jansenistes ont proné les lettres provinciales comme le chef d’œuvre de l’esprit humain. Trevoux, *Art. Chef d’Œuvre*. R.

‡ Like Boileau, le poète de la raison. R.

When the ancients arrived at this third age, the age of description, the talent of Oppian, the melancholy genius of Pliny, could do but little in painting nature in a state of concealment, of which no science had lifted up the veil.

Buffon and Delisle have developed this third age for us, preceded by Voltaire, when he described the heavens which Newton had laid open to his view. The works of these men have no rivals, and are the more to be admired, as they have not been modelled from the antique, nor borrowed from writers on the same subjects of our own days. These works are your own, and born among you. But these are not all; the revolutions of genius, like the revolutions of the earth, are ever bringing forth new images, of higher and more exalted perfection. Every research into the depths of the globe multiplies to our view the changes it has undergone. Mortality covers it daily with ruins, and those ruins repose on others: thus, the forms so rich and so various of this universe have been preceded by other forms, which have neither wanted their variety or their riches. Among all these wonders, man is the greatest. He has subdued the universe by science, and given laws for the movements of those worlds which the telescope has not yet reached. It is

science that has raised man to this height, whither eloquence and poetry can only climb up after him. It is sufficient for me to say, in this place, that science and letters go hand in hand together, and are not separated in the distribution of those crowns, which, by a peculiar prerogative, you, sirs, have a right to decree to every kind of talent. To enumerate the various titles which give the election to a seat at your board, is also to recall to your recollection the memory of the venerable academician, to whom I succeed, M. de Roquelaure, who possessed a variety of excellence in a high degree.

And now, sirs, a monarch is on the throne, a monarch enlightened with all the information of the age in which he reigns.*

* To this speech of the honourable and learned member, the president, Monsieur de Proni, returned an appropriate and eloquent answer; in which he hoped that nothing, neither poetry nor politics, would turn M. Cuvier from that department of science, of which he was the greatest ornament. The president also pronounced an éloge on M. de Roquelaure, and mentioned the great names of de la Condamine, Buffon, Baily, Vicquazir; who, except the last, had all been secretaries of the academy. Monsieur Cuvier concluded with saying, that if the king required his services, he could not but comply with the royal wishes to found his greatness on the base of public liberty, that under him justice and reason, brought back by clemency, might return in triumph.

Notice biographique

DE BALTHAZAR GEORGES SAGE.

I was born at Paris, on the 7th of May, 1740; son of Marie Ursule des Cloîtres, wife of Francis Sage, druggist, whose father was a notary of St. Maurienne, of the name of Sapiienti. My father, who thought knowledge preferable to wealth, and to make a fortune more desirable than to inherit one, sent me to school; but, as he was not rich enough to pay for my board, I was a day-scholar, chez un repetiteur, or assistant, who repeats to the scholars the master's lectures, and prepares them to understand what is to be delivered. I was called at half an hour after five every morning, and a piece of bread and two sous put into my hand, with a light, in winter, to conduct me to the repeater's house, where I stayed till a quarter before nine, and then went to the Mazarin College to hear mass, before the school opened, which lasted an hour and a half. From school I returned to my tutor, and stayed there till noon, when I went home to dine at my father's; after dinner, I returned again to my tutor, whom I accompanied to the college at three o'clock, from whence to

the repeater's at a quarter after four, where I stayed till seven, and then home to supper.

At thirteen, I had finished my rhetorical studies, my father had been dead a year, and left my mother nothing but his shop, to which she intended my eldest brother should succeed. For my part, wishing to acquire knowledge, I attended the Abbé Nöllet's Lectures in natural philosophy, and studied botany under D'Antoine and de Bernard de Jussieu, anatomy under Sabatier, and chemistry with Guillaume Roüelle, whose experiments I repeated, at a small laboratory at my mother's, in order to teach myself and my fellow-students, the handling of experimental chemistry. I was now seventeen years old, when I was poisoned by the vapours of corrosive sublimate, which brought on a spitting of blood, that twelve blood-lettings, in three days, could hardly put a stop to. This unlucky accident gave me a disgust to chemistry, and I began to consider, how mineralogy and the art of assay might be naturalized in France, and cure the evil of a natural tribute to foreigners, of thirty-seven millions of francs for minerals and metals. At the age of nineteen, I began a course of gratuitous lectures to the public, at which I had so numerous an audience, that I was obliged to hire an apart-

ment of five rooms at the Hotel de Brehant, in the street of St. Sepulchre, to accommodate my scholars. I had some rich and powerful friends, who lent me thirty thousand francs, without interest, which I laid out in minerals and a laboratory.

At twenty-two, I communicated the discoveries I had made to the Academy of Sciences; and, at twenty-eight, I was appointed to the chair, vacant by the death of Guillaume Rouëlle. My collection of minerals had increased rapidly by my foreign connections: Pallas sent me specimens from Siberia; Woulf, from England; Madame la Margrave de Bade, a fine collection from Germany, and came in person, with all her family, to attend my course of lectures. From M. Malesherbes, I got French minerals, which he had collected in a tour in France. Having been named commissary of the counsel, I obtained all the new substances as they appeared, and, with the gold and silver from Almont, by the munificence of the Comte de Provence, now Louis XVIII. I formed the fine Musée of the Hotel de la Monnaie. It was then by my means a chair was established for docimastic mineralogy, which differs from metallurgy, that works a mine in the great, and values by the product of labour in a small as-

say, the advantages of working on a great mass. In my first school, the celebrated men Romé de Lisle, the Demestres, the Chaptals, were taught chemistry, mineralogy, and the art of mining.

There was a project of turning the old gilding in the king's palaces to account for his majesty, and an offer was made of twenty thousand crowns, but on a docimastic assay they produced four hundred and fifty thousand francs, for which his majesty ordered M. de Calonne to give me a proportional gratification, and I received from that minister forty thousand livres. With this money I built three supplementary galleries, for the most precious articles in the collection of the Hotel de la Monnaie, and the finest suite of petrefactions or incrustations ever seen in France. I sold my estate at Villeberfol, and my library, to enable me to complete the decoration of the hotel with the most costly marble and granite tables ; and this superb monument of art owes nothing, I may say, to the spoils of the wretched victims of the revolution. My scholars, who, at the revolution, turned against me, at the instigation of Guition, and Fourcroy, had already cast my bust in bronze, and signified their love and gratitude for the fa-

vours I had shewn them, by inscribing on the base.

DICSIPULORUM

AMORIS

PIGNUS

It is well known, that, at the same time, I was thrown into prison for the purpose of stripping me of my appointments, and robbing me of my cabinet, which the Jardin des Plantes desired to have, as it seems, by the decree obtained of the Constitutional Assembly by M. Le Brun, when he was president of the committee of finance. Two years after the decree, which Buffon had torn from the Constituent Assembly, he sent me a similar proposal by Lacepede, who was then only the keeper of the Jardin des Plantes, and thought to induce me to accept his proposal, by an offer of doubling my appointment. I answered, that I knew what Buffon was, and left Lacepede with—

“—timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.”

M. Le Brun took from me two thousand francs of my income, which has been a loss to me, up to this day, of fifty thousand livres.

In the year 1810, M. de Laumont, the then director of the mines, instead of setting me

down the first in the organization, as the report of the Council of State indicated, was diverted from it by a pious personage, who, he had been told, deserved his utmost confidence.

Here M. Sage points out and details his principal discoveries in natural history, mineralogy, and chemistry, during sixty years, printed already by Firmin Didot.

Anecdotes.

Whilst I was studying botany, I made frequent visits to Trianon, where Louis XV. had a fine collection of plants, arranged according to the system of Bernard de Jussieu. One day, whilst I was collecting specimens and laying them between papers to dry, the king came behind me, and said I was robbing the bees; upon which, I shewed his majesty the use I made of my thefts, and begged his acceptance of my dried specimens, which he graciously ordered to be placed in his private cabinet; and, at the same time, charged Le Comte Saint Florentin to send me a brevet or order, for a pension of twelve hundred livres.

Marie Antoinette restored me four thousand livres of pension, of which I had been deprived. I owed this act of royal kindness to the care I had taken, and the pains I had bestowed on

the two Dauphins, for which her majesty honoured me with a visit at Montalais, near St. Cloud.

When the Commune de Paris were informed that the Queen had been to see me, they sent four hundred of their soldiery to sack my house, and sieze my cannon, which consisted in a three feet telescope.

After I had obtained my liberty, I learnt from M. Bertholet, secretary of the Committee of Public Safety, that a second order for arrest was ready to be sent to me; to avoid which, I quitted Paris, and went to a village of four houses, four leagues from Blois, where a forced contribution was levied, but the inhabitants, sensible that I had lost my all, put after my name on the procès verbal, "He who has nothing left but his celebrity, can bear no further imposition." After I had exhausted all means of existence in my voluntary exile, I informed the directory of the painful situation to which the loss of my fortune had reduced me. François de Neufchateau, Trielhard, and La Réveillere-Lepaux, added six thousand livres of appointment to my place of professor of the school of bridges and causeways, an appointment that the minister, Chaptal, had sup-

pressed on the score of economy, and when I remonstrated, he advised me to hang myself.

When they came to my country-house, to carry me off and conduct me to prison, where I first began to lose my eye-sight, they got possession of a manuscript-account of my life, which had been drawn up by Madame Randel, who was the only person that interested herself in my persecutions during the revolution. This manuscript, which had been left with the Committee of General Safety, was sent to the officer of the police, and returned to me at the end of two years, with a letter, acknowledging that anecdotes which concern a man useful to the community ought to be preserved.

Whilst the pope was at Paris, his holiness came to visit my establishment, and invited me to the Tuilleries, when he expressed his astonishment that I had no order or decoration; I answered, that the establishment, which he had admired, was raised by the munificence of Louis XVI. and my attachment to his government was the reason, not only of my not having any honours conferred on me, but of the loss of my fortune. He then proposed that I should draw up a petition, and that he would present it to Buonaparte, as he went to St. Cloud tomorrow, to the christening of a child of the

Queen of Holland. His holiness presented the petition, which Buonaparte appeared to receive graciously, and put it into his pocket ; but nothing came of it.

When the Academy of Sciences was travestied into the Institute, I was not incorporated, because, they said , I was an aristocrat before the letter. It was also malevolently spread abroad, that I was concerned in the infernal machine, and that I had been imprisoned as an accomplice. As soon as I heard it, I went immediately to M. de Proni, from whom they told me the news came. As soon as he saw me, he cried out, “ I am glad to see you, for I thought you were in prison, as an agent in the infernal machine.” I then went to find out the person who had spread abroad this atrocious calumny at the Institute, whose name M. de Proni had told me. He said, he heard it at the Counsel of the Mines, and that he had told it to Lacepede, and others, and that they had applied to Buonaparte to set me at liberty. It is well known, that one hundred and thirty persons were denounced and sent to the Sechelles Islands, from which only one returned to Paris.

I found a pecuniary resource in my library, which I sold for sixty thousand francs. My books had been given me by Monsieur Boulduc,

by Monsieur Angivilliers, by his majesty, Louis XV. by M. de Miromenil, and other friends, or it would have been impossible for me, heir to no estate, to have made so fine a collection. My intention, in selling my library, was to enable me to complete the Musée des Mines, where I taught for two years, which could not have been done but by the sale of my books, and my estate at Vilberfol. I am at length arrived at the age of eighty years, of which thirty passed away in prosperity; but from 1790, envy, ingratitude, injustice, and malevolence, have exercised over me an atrocious empire.

The minister of the Interior, M. de Vaublanc, has abridged me of the thousand crowns which had been added to my appointment, in order to assist me in fulfilling my engagements. About the same time, his majesty Louis XVIII. had given me a proof of his special benevolence, in decorating me with one of his orders.

It is true, indeed, that I have been obliged to make unsuccessful claims for having founded, at my own cost, a useful establishment, of which France was in want; but, should the glory of well-doing, for so long a period as sixty years, be allowed me, by way of remuneration, I have nothing further to ask, and remain perfectly satisfied.

MAXIMS AND TALES

OF THE

Black Forest.

Unterhaltende Erzählungen.

Live and let live.

Leben, und leben lassen.

A tavern-keeper met an acquaintance, and asked him why he never called to drink a glass of wine at his wine-cellar. The other excused himself in saying he could not afford it. "Ay, ay!" rejoined the vintner, "but if every body made the same excuse, I should soon be underground. One man must live by another. See how well I am, hearty and in good case; so is my wife, and so are all my children; and yet I make my apothecary every year a small present, whether I want his services or not; merely because he is my neighbour, and deserves to be encouraged."

Why Physicians ought to Marry.

Warum die Aerste beyrathen müssen.

It would be for the good of society if the men of science remained single. The cares of a family take up so much of their time, which the unmarried want to dedicate to their studies. "That I can hardly agree to," cries a by-stander; "but at all events I must beg to except physicians, because they who are sometimes so unfortunate, with the best intentions in the world, as to send men out of it, should be at least allowed the privilege of bringing them into it."

Grounds for Borrowing.

Grund zu einem Darlehn.

Doctor Macdold being in a club-house in London, one of the habitués, or frequenters, asked him for the loan of five guineas. "My God!" says the doctor, "what brings you to me, I do not know you:" "For this very reason," said the borrower, "for they that know me, will not lend me a shilling."

Brotherhood.

Die Bruderschaft.

"Give me something," said a poor Capuchin

to a rich Jesuit, "for my travelling expenses, for we are brothers." "True," said the Jesuit, "but our purses are not sisters."

The Comparison.

Vergleichung.

A person who passed all his evenings with a silly chattering old lady, in hopes of becoming her heir, was reproached by his friends for his servile condescension, in listening patiently to the old woman's caprices: "Oh!" says he, "I consider rich antiquated dames as hens, there's music in their cackle when they lay eggs."

Inscription

On an old house at Bâle, in which is a remarkable termination.

Dies haus stadt in Gotter's hand,

Ach behut's von feuer and brand,

Von sturm und wassernoth,

Mit einem wort,

Lass steo wie's stadt.

This house stands in God's own hand,

Protected both from fire and brand,

From storm and tempest, and from flood:

O let it stand, as it hath stood.

N. B. This house is figured with the inscription in German, on the paper of the eating-room, in the Ecu de Geneve, near the square at Geneva; the salle, a manger, has been newly papered.

A convenient Text for a Funeral Sermon.

Die Schikliche Leichentext.

A man had six wives, and they all died; and when he buried his sixth, he prepared baked meat for seven, and informed the priest that he wished him to make mention of the seventh in his funeral discourse. Upon which the preacher took his text from Job v. 19. "He shall deliver thee in six troubles, yea in SEVEN there shall no evil touch thee."

Der Gukkuk Uhrmacher.

The Black Forest abounds with cuckoo-clock makers, who migrate in all directions all over Europe. One of these having made a fortune in Birmingham, returned to his own country after thirty years, without being recognized by his relations by any other title but that of the good man, because he was worth eine halbe million, 21000, English.

The Promise of Marriage.

Versprochen.

A young girl, whose lover had done something to displease her just before marriage, told her intended positively, she would not have him: "But," says he, "did you not promise me?" "'Tis true," replied the maiden, "I did, but I have never yet said, 'I will.'"

A Dinner at a Miser's Table.

Das Mittagessen andem Tische eines Geizigen.

There was a famous rich miser at Bâle, who never gave a dinner to any one, although he seldom refused to accept an invitation. The wits attacked him, and a wager was laid that a person should go to his house, and be asked to stay and dine. In consequence of the bet a young man waited on the miser, and apologised for the intrusion at so unseasonable an hour, but that the cause of his visit was a matter of some importance, to inform the gentleman to whom he had the honour of addressing himself, how he might, without trouble or difficulty, put a thousand pounds in his pocket. "A thousand pounds!" said the miser: "Yes," re-

joined the visitor, "neither more nor less, but exactly that sum ; but you are going to dinner, and I beg you to excuse the interruption I have occasioned ; I, too, am going to do the same thing, and when I have dined, I will wait on you again, I beg you to excuse me : " and in so saying, was leaving the room. When the miser, desirous of learning how he was to get so large a sum without the least trouble, cried, " Stop, sir, I pray you, be my guest to-day : " upon which the young man took his place at the table, and ate heartily of what was set before him. As soon as he had done, the miser took him aside, and desired to know his secret. " Sir," answered the guest most willingly, " I understand you have a daughter of an age to marry ? " " I have. " " And you propose to give her ten thousand pounds ? " " I do. " " Now, sir, give me your daughter, and I will take her with nine thousand, by which you will have a clear profit of a thousand pounds, and pay yourself. " The old gentleman mounted into a furious passion, and kicked his guest into the street, which he took very coolly, because he had won his wager.

*The reasonable Demand.**Billige Forderung.*

A bagnio-keeper in a country town allowed himself to get drunk in a cabaret seven days in a week : now he was the only surgeon in the town, and the magistrate insisted upon it that he should keep himself sober at least one day in the week, Wednesday, the market-day, when the boors were very apt to quarrel, and wound one another, and be in want of his assistance. The bagnio-keeper answered very frankly, that he should be ready to give his worship every reasonable satisfaction, provided he (the judge) would order the boors to fight before dinner, and leave him (the surgeon) to drink at his leisure in the afternoon.

THE END.